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## LED BY IDEAS.

A MAN is properly and ordinarily the king of his ideas; but it sometimes happens, as in other empires, that one of the subjects, rising into too much favour at court, becomes practically the real monarch. We have then presented to us the singular phenomenon of a Man led by an Idea. Let any one dip for a month into the more intellectual circles of London, and he will be astonished at the number of such revolutionised monarchies which meet his observation. Talk of spoiled children ruling their weak parents; of easy-natured people governed by their servants; of kings in the hands of too powerful ministers; all these are nothing to the spectacle of a man—probably a clever and well-informed one—led by an idea.

Men led by ideas are usually of benevolent character, and their master-thoughts are generally of the nature of plans for putting the whole faults of the social machine at once to rights. It is a curious feature in the condition of the greatest country the world has yet known, that it ever believes itself in the most dreadful state imaginable, and expects nothing but ruin in a very short time. Tenderly concerned for themselves and countrymen, a few worthy persons are continually going about with nostrums for averting the calamity. One holds that over-population is the cause of the whole mischief, and proposes to bleed off the disease by a system of emigration; which, it becomes quite clear, would carry away units for the tens added in the ordinary course of things each year. Another has a faith in pauper colonies, or allotments of inferior lands. With a third, more schools is the cry. Some, again, are ostentatiously material in their views. What, they say, can be done with the minds of men until they have got plenty of four-pound loaves? They hold it to be necessary to give the people a more ample store of good things in their larders and cupboards. Unfortunately, no one pretends to show how this is to be accomplished otherwise than by the usual means of a prosperous industry. Some have dilettanti ideas. They are all for honeysuckled cottages and schools of industry. A few think a more universal diffusion of cricket, with gentlemen bowling to labourers, and spiced ale sent down from the manor-house, the true plan for setting Britain on its legs. Mr Owen stands smiling by, fully assured that no good is to be expected till the plan of competition has been exchanged for that of co-operation. But, meanwhile, somehow the commerce of the country takes a start; new fields of capital are found, and hardly an idle person is to be seen: all the difficulties which we lately contemplated then vanish, and John Bull is found to be a safe enough person after all; so that only he has work to do, and money and grub to get by it.

Such a denouement is rather awkward for the leading-idea men; but the fact is, the ideas are good enough ideas nevertheless, taken simply by themselves, and not as panaceas. Scarcely any doubt exists that colonisation, and cottage gardens, and cricket, and schools, are all capital things: the error lies in thinking any one of them sufficient to patch up a diseased commonwealth, and going about seeking to pin down mankind to that narrow conclusion. It seems, however, to be essential to enthusiasts of this class to have but one idea—at least at a time. Engrossed by it, they can see no value in any other. An emigration man, for instance, despises allotments, and an allotment man looks with contempt, if not indignation, at the idea of sending the people out of the country. It is hardly possible, indeed, for one person to listen for a moment to another who lives under the regime of a different idea. The four-pound-loaf system is a perfect weariness of the flesh to a man of schools, and *vice versa*. Such appears to be the nature of the case, and we have never yet had an Admirable Crichton who could argue for and prosecute all the various objects at once. It would be the most amusing thing in the world to bring a few such persons together, and listen while they each struggled to advance his own monarch fancy, and debar all the rest.

A. B. It has been fully proved in practice that allotments satisfy the poor labourer, at the same time that they return an equal, if not greater rent to the landlord. The whole of our surplus population might be provided for in this way, if gentlemen would only set their shoulder to the wheel. [The shoulder in connexion with the wheel is constantly in requisition among the idea men.]

C. D. But why not bring the people into little local co-operative communities, where they might have a range of the various trades, keep up a church and school of their own, and live at one table? Here is an engraved plan that makes my whole idea intelligible at a glance.

E. F. All these schemes are absurd in political economy, for that must always be the best mode of employing men in which they use their powers to the effect of the utmost possible production. Fix a man down in a piece of ground, whether by himself or with others, where he only can labour in one limited way, and he subserves an inferior end to what he does when he takes a part as high as his faculties will permit in some great combination of labour. The real curse of the country is, the number of people being too great in proportion to the demand for their work. Hence low wages, and hence misery. There will be no good till a few millions are sent to clear ground in the colonies. Then wages would rise, and it would be good times for the reduced number remaining.

G. H. What stuff! you do not see that the labours of men, if rightly directed, and not restricted by any exter-

nal pressure, must be sufficient to maintain them wherever they are. Free trade is my remedy.

I. J. I never trouble myself with the science of anything. I only know that England was once merry England, and that the Book of Sports and Brand's Popular Antiquities show us how it may be restored to that condition. Let us always take care to set the peasantry in motion at Christmas with their carols, and at Easter with their egg-songs; let us revive archery and metheglin, and all will be well.

K. L. For any sake instruct them, and make them rational beings. An ignorant man is a volcano or a piece of pyrotechny, ready to explode at any time. Educate him, and he becomes a harmonious part of the social machinery. We must have a national system of education, giving the needful nurture free to all, like the air they breathe. How is it to be wondered at that we have strikes, riots, heavy calendars, and thousands of evils, when one half the community are reared without any tincture of learning?

M. N. Away with your march-of-intellect nonsense! When did a book ever fill a belly? I want to see the people have plenty of eggs and bacon. They ought always to have large wages, and everything comfortable about them, whether they choose or not. Unions are bastilles where the poor are starved. There should be an act of parliament to let everybody have at least a pound a-week, even when they cannot or choose not to work for it.

O. P. Well, it is my opinion that intemperance is the cause of most of our sufferings. If you would only embrace and agree to support the system of total abstinence, you would soon see this a very different country from what it is. The water cure is the cure, you may depend on it. Only see how drinking absorbs the earnings of the working-man, how it renders him idle and sensual, and reduces his household to starvation! Everything we complain of is traceable to alcohol. And you may plant schools, form allotments, promote emigration, and try whatever else you please, but till you take away the fatal cup, you will make no true improvement.

Q. R. Well, I think you may promote the advancement of our species by different means, namely, by establishing galleries of pictures and statues. What was the glory of ancient Greece?—Her works of art. The great Hellenic democracies were refined by continually regarding beautiful forms in their temples and theatres. There is nothing wanting to make us as great a people, but a proper annual grant for national and provincial galleries. About a million a-year would serve, and I am sure we spend many millions in a worse way. I lately published a letter to the prime minister upon the subject; but he was then struggling to get a majority on the sugar duties, and I suppose never had time to take my suggestions into consideration.

S. T. Galleries for works of art! More need to build new sewers! The effects of defective draining upon the health of the inhabitants of large towns has been fully proved, and it is time that measures were taken to remedy so great an evil. I have given my thoughts to sewers night and day for twenty years. It is a great, but neglected subject. The world might be lighted by the profits made from cleaning it, and health promoted at the same time. I could send you ten folio blue books to illuminate you upon drainage; or, should you prefer it, come to me some day, and I will tell you all about it by word of mouth. Only come early, that we may have a long day to discuss it.

U. V. That is not a subject to my liking. Have you ever considered the solitary system of prison discipline? I like a prison. When I come to a town where I never was before, I inquire for the jail, and generally go to visit it. Crime is, in fact, my favourite study. There is at present a striking want of settled principle with regard to the management of malefactors. When you treat them severely, with a view to their

punishment, the public gets squeamish, and a daily newspaper makes you its useful grievance for the time: when you are lenient and kind, with a view to their reformation, the same newspaper proclaims that culprits are treated more kindly, and enjoy more of the good things of this life, than honest hard-working labourers. All this perplexity would give way if my plan were adopted. You may find an account of it, commencing at the fifteen-hundredth page of the tenth report of the committee on Prison Discipline.

W. X. I am sorry to dissent from a great number of you gentlemen. I consider war, and the employment of force in general, as the grand means of depraving human society; and till we can make all men converts to peace principles, I believe there is no good to be done with them. See the evils of war, in the misexpenditure of public money, the setting up of false objects to love of approbation, the making of widows and orphans, the brutalisation of the public mind, and a continual inflammation of the minds of young ladies in garrison towns. A few worthy people have joined me in setting up a peace society, and we have already made great way in different quarters. We take care every year to send a set of our tracts to the members of her Majesty's government, about the time when they bring forward the army and navy estimates in parliament. I have no doubt we shall succeed in bringing the public at large to our way of thinking, and thus put an end to war—in time.

Y. Z. Well now, I don't care much about anything so unpractical as inculcating what you call peace principles. Neither am I zealous about temperance, or cottage gardens, or the establishment of picture galleries. I wish to wash the people. Only let me once get them into a way of cleaning their skins regularly, and all will be well. And the way I argue is this: cleanliness is the mother of all the virtues. Therefore, let the people be clean, and they will be everything else that could be wished. Hence I look to baths as the universal regenerators. Men once called for the sponge to wipe out the national debt; they will do far more good by now applying it to their own persons. Revolutionists used to call on the nation to take the plunge; let them now take the plunge-bath. Trust me, till we can set all the world a-washing, there will be no real improvement effected. You might preach for ages on other subjects; but nothing will avail while men remain uncleaned. Of all the conservative powers, dirt is decidedly the greatest.

This alphabet of favourite ideas is no fancy. The men led by them may be met with every day in the highways and byways of the world; some as conversation-men at dinner parties, some as button-holders in the porticoes of clubs, some as listener-seekers in general and wherever they are to be had. Secretaries of state, and Messrs Ridgway the publishers, know such men well by their handwriting. They are the Vanderdeckens of the social Cape, continually looking for the means of getting their letter conveyed to the public, but rarely or never finding it. There is something distressing in the idea of so much good intention, and so much excellent suggestion, not only running to waste, but subjecting its authors to a disesteem which never befalls the quiet selfish men of the world. It suggests, however, a remark which may possibly be of service to such men. The main cause of their failure is their becoming so much and so exclusively absorbed in their plans, as to lose the practical tone of common life. For the want of this, nothing will atone. It would excite distrust respecting the most admirable discovery or moral scheme which the wit of man ever devised. The world likes safe, realisable measures; it will only, in ordinary circumstances, move a short way at a time; it distrusts theory—that is, suggestion unproved by experiment. Hence it is necessary to use some caution in bringing any proposed improvement or change before the public. However clear it may be in its entire scope, it may, in that form, be too much for the common run of minds,

and it will therefore fail; but possibly, if some practicable, common-world-looking step be proposed, leading towards the entire scheme, that may be sanctioned and put in practice, and a way may thus be formed for the realisation of the whole.

## THE BLIND SQUATTER.

BY PERCY R. ST JOHN.

NEARLY four hundred miles up the Trinity river, Texas, at the extreme point to which the flat-bottom steamboats run up in search of cotton and other productions, is Robins' Ferry. Below, the river is narrow, with high steep banks, within the deep shadow of which the waters roll noiselessly and swiftly towards the ocean, while groves of somewhat stunted trees run down to the very edge of the cliffs: here, however, the stream expands into a broad and shallow lake, the shores of which are low, and even unsightly, as is generally the case in Texas.

We arrived at a landing-place three miles below the junction of the lake and river late one night, and early the following morning I was paddling up against the stream in a light bark canoe, which, having but a slight hold in the water, served better to stem the current than one of larger dimensions. For some time I continued within the shadows of the cliffs in comparative gloom; but, after a somewhat fatiguing hour, my eye first caught a glimpse of the shallow lake, where I hoped to find sufficient abundance of wild-fowl to glut my most murderous appetite as a sportsman. The dawn had long since passed, but nature appeared yet asleep, so calm, so still was that almost untrodden spot. Gliding swiftly out of the influence of the current, I allowed my canoe to stand motionless, while I gazed around. Far as the eye could reach, spread a perfect wilderness of waters, forward, to the right and to the left, perfectly unruffled, for not so much as a blade of grass or a leaf was stirring on the shore. Here and there rose huge trunks of trees, borne from above by the almost periodical inundations, and which, reaching some shallow part, became stationary, until time and decay removed them by degrees from their resting-place. Snags were visible all around, while a low bushy island lay about a quarter of a mile to the southward. The waters sparkled in the sun, revealing at some distance the presence of hundreds of ducks, geese, and swans floating upon the surface. For some time they remained unheeded, so charmed was I by the quiet beauty of the landscape; but at length the prospect of a late breakfast awoke my killing propensities, and, raising my paddle, I gave a true Indian sweep, and glided noiselessly towards the little island above alluded to.

My progress was rapid, but not a sound could have been detected by any save an aboriginal. The bevy of ducks which had drawn me in that direction were sailing towards the island, and I was within gun-shot long before I was perceived, as, the better to deceive them, I lay almost on my face at last, and paddled with my hands. At length I allowed the canoe to drift with whatever impulse it had previously received, and cautiously clutching my double-barrelled apology for a Joe Manton, rose in the boat. Ere, however, I could gain my feet, crack! crack! went the two barrels of a fowling-piece, a whistling was heard close to my ears, and the ducks, save and except a few victims, flew away with a loud rustling of wings. I was astounded. My first impulse was to return the fire at random, as the idea of Indians crossed my brain. I could, however, plainly detect the presence of a fowling-piece by the peculiar report, while it was clear the ducks had been the object aimed at. Still, the proximity of the lead to my ears was far from pleasant, and I hastened to prevent a recurrence of so dangerous an experiment. 'Hallo! friend,' cried I, in a loud and somewhat angry voice, 'are you duck-shooting or man-shooting, because I should like to know?' A man rose instantly above the bushes. 'Mer-

ciful Heaven,' cried he, 'have I wounded you, sir? Come in, and I will explain this accident.'

I readily complied, and a few minutes placed me beside the sportsman. I at once saw that he was blind. Nearly six feet high, thin, even gaunt, he presented a most remarkable appearance. Clothed in the ordinary garb of a backwoodsman, there was yet an intellectuality, and even nobility of character in his features, which struck me forcibly, while the sightless orbs at once revealed the cause what had nearly proved a fatal accident. 'You are not alone?' said I, glancing curiously around the bushes. 'I am,' he said with a smile, 'quite alone. But let me most sincerely beg your pardon for having endangered your life.' 'No excuses,' said I, depositing the victims of his volley at his feet; 'but if you would explain to me how you are here alone, and how, being here, you are thus employed, you will assuage a very strong feeling of curiosity.' 'With pleasure,' he replied, 'I owe you an explanation; and besides,' he continued, 'I believe we are countrymen, and this meeting gives me true delight.' 'I am an Englishman,' I said. 'And I a Scotchman. In Britain it makes us countrymen; in a strange land it makes us brothers.'

Struck by the blind man's manner, I loaded, prairie fashion, a couple of corn cob pipes with some excellent leaf tobacco, and handing him one, seated myself quietly by his side. Closing his eyes, from habit, as if to read the past, he was silent for a few moments. 'My name is Campbell,' he said at length, without further preface, 'and by trade I am a cabinetmaker. To begin at the beginning. When I was twenty, and that is not so long ago as you may think, I received an offer to go to New York. I was engaged to be married to a sweet cousin of mine. Poor Ellen! I could not go without her, and yet it was, they said, owe young to marry. Still the offer was good, and rather than I should lose the opportunity of advancing myself, they all consented it should be a wedding. The day after our happy union we sailed for the far west.'

'We reached New York in safety; I entered upon my employment with a firm and settled determination to secure, if not fortune, at least competence. Wages were in these days very high; I was a good workman; my master had confidence in me, and besides my wages as journeyman, paid me a salary as his foreman and clerk. As determined to lose no opportunity of advancement, I kept all his books after my regular day's work was done. I saved more than half my earnings, and was as happy, I believe, as an industrious honest man can be; and if he, sir, cannot be happy, I know not who can.' 'You are right,' said I; 'an honest, sober, industrious working-man, with ample employment, respected by his masters, with a little family around him, should be the happiest of created beings. His wants are all supplied, without the cares and troubles of wealth.' 'So it was with me; I was very happy. At the end of ten years I had saved a large sum, and then, and only then, my wife presented me with my first and only child.'

'With the consent, and by the advice even of my employers, who had my true interests at heart, I determined to start in business for myself; but not in New York. New Orleans was a money-making, busy place, and thither I removed. My success was unexpectedly great; my own workmanship was eagerly bought up, and I employed many men at the enormous wages of the south. Two misfortunes, however, now clouded my felicity; both attributable, I fear, to my desire for independence. The south did not agree with my wife, and ere I could restore her to a genial climate, she died. Sir, my sorrow was the sorrow, I hope, of a man and a Christian; but I felt it sorely. He only who has seen wife or child removed from him by death, can estimate my feelings. Existence for a time was a blank. I worked mechanically, but no more did her cheerful voice encourage my labours. I ate, I drank; ah, sir! it was then I missed her; at the morning meal, at dinner, over the tea board. As my eye rested



on the empty chair on the opposite side of my little table, I could see in it the accustomed form; and then my heart seemed to turn cold, and the very blood to cease to flow. He who has not lost a wife or child, knows not real sorrow in this world. It is the severest trial man ever is put to. Well, sir, she died, and I was left alone with a little image of herself, my Ellen. A gayer, happier being never lived—always smiling, always singing. In time, she brought back some glimpse of joy to my soul.

'One morning I awoke with a peculiar sensation at my heart—I had caught the yellow-fever. I will not detail the history of this illness. Suffice, that it was three months ere I was restored to health; and then, by some extraordinary accident, it proved that I was blind; while my business was gone from me. I knew not what to do. You know, sir, the usual course of ruined men in New Orleans; they sell off secretly, shut their shutters, write G. T. T. (Gone to Texas) on the door, and are no more heard of. But I, sir, could not do this. I was, however, no longer fit for business: a quiet retreat in the woods was my best course of proceeding. Besides, my health was shattered, and I should not have lived in New Orleans. Accordingly, I contrived to raise a thousand dollars when I wound up my accounts, and with this and a negro slave, I and my child started for Texas. Blind, I was not fit to cope with men, and my object, therefore, was to retire, as far as was consistent with safety, into the woods.

'Eight years ago I journeyed up this river, and reached this very spot. Francisco, my negro, was a devoted and faithful fellow, and worked hard, because I was a good master to him. We erected a hut upon yonder shore: it was a laborious operation; but it was at length completed. I have said I was a cabinetmaker; so was my negro; we therefore furnished the place elegantly for a backwoods dwelling.

'Now to speak of my daughter. When we left New Orleans she was eight years old, and up to that age had been educated most carefully, her existence being, of course, that of a town girl. You know, sir, the lazy luxurious habits of the pestilential city, and how little they fit one for roughing life in the woods. Well, Nelly was transplanted hither, preserving and increasing her accomplishments, and yet has she become a perfect prairie bird. Her fingers ply the rude needle required to make these coarse garments; she and Francisco prepare them for use. We have a female slave, Francisco's wife, but hers is out-door work; and Nelly makes butter, cooks, ay, sir, and even cleans. And she is quite happy, singing all day long; and if an hour can be found for a book, she is in paradise.

'Singular as it may seem, I do most of the hunting; at all events, all the wild-fowl shooting. With the dawn I am up; and in my dug-out, which I pull, while Nelly steers, I land here, and conceal myself in the bushes, while she returns to prepare breakfast. With my loss of sight I have gained an additional strength of hearing. I can detect immediately the approach of the ducks and geese on the water, and if once they come near enough, am sure not to waste my powder and shot. After about a couple of hours she returns for me. Her time is now nearly up: you shall see her, and breakfast at New Edinburgh.'

At this instant a diminutive sail caught my eye at the distance of a hundred yards. Rising, I perceived a small canoe gliding before a slight breeze which had arisen, and rapidly approaching. The foresail and main-sail concealed its occupant; but presently a melodious voice was heard carolling a merry ditty.

'There is my child,' said Campbell, his voice hushed to a whisper; 'there is my child. I never hear her sing but I see her mother before me.'

'Well, father,' cried Nelly, taking in her little sail; 'no ducks for me to pick up? not one. You are unlucky this morning.'

At this moment she caught sight of my naval uniform, and stopped short. 'This gentleman was kind

enough to pick them up for me, and you must give him a seat in the boat.'

Nelly approached. Though tanned by the sun, one could still see the blue-eyed Scotch girl in her. Light curls fell from beneath a vast straw-hat over her shoulders, while a simple fur pelisse, and buckskin moccasins, with red worsted stockings, was all her visible attire. But never had I seen anything more graceful or more elegant. A woman, and yet a girl, she had evidently the feelings of the first, with the joyous artlessness of the second. We were friends directly, while I mentally compared her with my interesting Irish friends Mary Rock and her sister.\*

In a few minutes more we were sailing for the shore, and in a quarter of an hour were in sight of New Edinburgh. To my surprise I discovered a substantial log-hut, several outhouses, Indian corn-fields, while pumpkins, &c. flourished around in abundance. Two cows were grazing in the neighbourhood; as many horses were near them; while pigs and fowls were scattered in all directions. I was amazed, the blind Scotchman's industry was so novel in Texas. I expressed my surprise. 'Eight years of perseverance can do much,' said Campbell quietly: 'thank Heaven I am very happy, and my Nelly will not be left a beggar.' 'But you must find her a steady, hard-working young fellow for a husband,' replied I, 'to preserve all this.' 'I think,' said he, smiling, 'if you were to ask Nelly, she would tell you that that was done already.' The slightly heightened colour of the maiden was her only answer, and at that moment we reached the landing, where the negro couple and their pickaninnies were standing. The slaves were sleek and hearty, and showed their white teeth merrily.

Campbell led the way to the house, which was, for Texas, superabundantly furnished. Comfort was everywhere, and abundance. The breakfast was, to a hunter, delicious, consisting of coffee, hot corn cakes, venison steaks, and wild honey, while a cold turkey graced the centre of the board. What I enjoyed, however, better even than the breakfast, was the attention of the daughter to her blind father. He seated himself at the board, and Nelly having first helped me, supplied all his wants with a care and watchfulness which was delightful to behold. She anticipated all his desires, her whole soul being seemingly bent to give him pleasure. She was, in fact, more like a mother with a child, than a daughter with a father in the prime of life. Breakfast concluded, we talked again of his history, particularly since his arrival in Texas.

The routine of the day was simple enough, as they explained to me. The negroes, overlooked by the father and daughter, worked in the fields from dawn until six in the evening, the father fashioning some rural implement, an axe or plough handle, while the daughter plied her needle. They breakfasted at half-past six, dined at half-past eleven, and supped at six: after this last meal, Nelly generally read to her father for two hours. Their library was good, including several standard works, and the four first volumes of 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.'

Campbell went out into the air after a while to talk to the negroes, and I was left alone with Nelly. I took advantage of his absence to learn more of her character. Never was I more delighted. Not a regret, not a wish for the busy world of which she read so much; while it was quite clear to me that her lover, whoever he was, had only succeeded by promising to reside with the father. To leave her blind parent seemed to her one of those impossibilities which scarcely even suggested itself to her mind. Yes! Nelly Campbell was a sweet creature, perhaps the only truly romantic recollection I bore with me from Texas.

I remained with them all day; I visited their whole farm; I examined Nelly's favourite retreat, in a grove at the rear of the house, and then I left them. We

\* See Journal, new series, Nos. 13 and 56.

parted with a regret which was mutual; a regret which, strange to say, was quite painful on my side, and I never saw them again. Still I did not lose sight of them. I always wrote by the steamer to Nelly; and many a long letter did I obtain in reply. More and more did I discover that she was a daughter only, and that even a husband must for a time hold a second place in her heart. At length she wrote—'And now, sir, I am married, and I am very happy, though I almost sometimes regret the step, as I can no longer give my whole time to my dear blind father. He is, however, so happy himself, that I must resign myself to be less his nurse, especially as the only quarrel John and I ever have, is as to who shall wait on him. If he has lost part of his daughter, he has found a son.' This picture of happiness made me thoughtful, and I owned that, great as is the blessing of civilisation, and vast and grand as are the benefits of communion with your fellows, a scene of felicity might yet be found in the woods. Though I am a strong lover of mankind, and wish to be among them, and to enjoy the advantages of civilisation, yet do I think, if I were an old blind man, I would be a backwood squatter, with a daughter such as Nelly.

I heard no more from them, as I soon after returned to England, and the busy life of the world and other avocations have always prevented me writing. Should I, however, ever revisit Texas, my first care will be to run up the Trinity, and once more enjoy hospitality at the table of the BLIND SQUATTER.

## WIENHOLT ON SOMNAMBULISM.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

ACCORDING to Dr Wienholt, somnambulism is an abnormal state, in which visual impressions, or impressions tantamount to visual ones, are conveyed to the mind of the somnambulist through some other medium than the eyes. This idea, he acknowledges, is unusual, inharmonious, apparently unnatural; but he thinks there is evidence tending to prove that the function of sight has in many cases been carried on independently of the eyes. Proceeding in his inquiry with a view to exhibit this evidence, he first calls attention to the fact, that our most intimate knowledge of the physical construction of the eye gives us no information whatever as to how sight is carried on. Let the eye and the optic nerve do their utmost, it is the mind, and the mind only, that sees. In the operation which we call seeing, how much, for instance, is purely the work of judgment and long training, the idea of the size of the object looked at, its distance, &c. Again, what modifications of the organ of vision do we not observe in the animal creation, yet all apparently serving the end of simple vision. 'Most insects possess eyes; but in regard to their number, as well as their form and condition, these organs differ not only among themselves, but also from those of other animals. The eyes of the common fly, for instance, are sexangular: the spider has no less than six of these organs; and yet, judging from their operations, they appear to receive only a single perception from these various images. The chameleon moves only the one eye without the other, and can thus see before and behind, towards the sides, upwards and downwards. In birds, the eyes are placed on the sides of the head; they do not, therefore, like us, see only one object with their two eyes, but several. In the polypi, we perceive nothing analogous to our finer senses, and yet, without eyes, they manifest the most delicate sensibility to light; they are visibly affected by light and darkness; and when any nourishment comes near them, they immediately perceive it.'

All this should tend, Wienholt argues, to shake our conceit, that sight and eyes stand together in any relation closer than that of an arrangement suitable to a special condition of being. Seeing with eyes is no doubt the arrangement which we see prevailing in the present animal system; but we have no reason to be-

lieve that this arrangement is the only one which might have been adopted. Seeing in some other way than by eyes is at least not inconceivable.

Whether, however, the act of seeing without eyes has ever been performed, can be decided only by reference to authentic cases. Putting aside the cases previously cited, of difference of structure in the organ of vision, of insects, &c. the doctor refers to experiments made upon the bat. 'A series of recent and decisive experiments,' he says, 'has demonstrated that, in the bat, the faculty of vision continues even after the organ has been completely destroyed. Eminent philosophical naturalists, with Spallanzani at their head, instituted these experiments, and verified the fact in different parts of Italy—in Pavia, Pisa, and Turin; and in Genoa, also, they have been repeated with the same success by Spadone, Rossi, Casali, and Turine; and no objection has been made to their accuracy. These naturalists discovered that the bat, even when blinded, regulates its motions in the same manner as when possessing the complete use of the eyes. Completely blinded bats were not in the slightest degree obstructed in their motions. They flew about by night or by day with their wonted ease and rapidity, avoiding all obstacles which lay, or were intentionally placed in their way, as dexterously as if in full possession of their sight. They turned round at the right time when they approached a wall, rested in a convenient situation when fatigued, and struck against nothing. The experiments were multiplied in the most varied and ingenious manner. A room was filled with thin twigs, in another silken threads were suspended from the roof, and preserved in the same position, and at the same distance from each other, by means of small weights attached to them. The bat, though deprived of its eyes, flew through the intervals of these threads, as well as of the twigs, without touching them; and when the intervals were too small, it drew its wings more closely together. In another room a net was placed, having occasional irregular spaces for the bat to fly through, the net being so arranged as to form a small labyrinth. But the blind bat was not to be deceived; in proportion as the difficulties were increased, the dexterity of the animal was augmented. When it flew over the upper extremity of the net, and seemed imprisoned between it and the wall, it was frequently observed to make its escape most dexterously. When fatigued by its high flights, it still flew rapidly along the ground, among tables, chairs, and sofas; yet avoided touching anything with its wings. Even in the open air its flight was as prompt, easy, and secure, as in close rooms; and in both situations, altogether similar to that of its associates who had the use of their eyes.'

Can any evidence be adduced in proof of the position, that beings of the human species, when deprived of the use of their eyes, have still continued to receive visual impressions, as these blind bats appear to have done? As a means of deciding this question, our author refers to the following well-authenticated examples of extraordinary accuracy of perception in blind persons. Diderot mentions a man who was born blind, and who was a chemist and a musician. 'He judged correctly as to beauty and symmetry; knew very well when another object came in his way; and made no mistake, in passing a street, whether it was a *cul-de-sac* or an ordinary thoroughfare. He wrought at the turning-lathe, and with the needle; took machinery to pieces, and reconstructed it, &c.'

'All have heard of the famous Saunderson, the great, although blind mathematician. When only in the twelfth month of his life, he lost his sight by small-pox. He had, therefore, no more idea of light than a person born blind, and he did not recollect to have ever seen. Yet he made very rapid progress in the acquisition of languages and sciences, and, in his thirtieth year, had attained such eminence in the mathematics, that, upon Newton's recommendation, he was appointed to succeed Whiston in the mathematical chair, and became an excellent teacher. He wrote a work upon algebra, which

was much esteemed by the learned; and what was the most remarkable, the blind man gave instruction regarding the laws of light, and taught optics. Every change in the state of the atmosphere, when calculated to excite visual perceptions, affected him; and he became aware, especially in calm weather, when objects approached him. One day, in a large garden, while he was assisting some astronomers in making their observations, he always knew when clouds passed over the sun. He went out with his pupils at night into the open air, and pointed out to them the situation of each star. He married his wife from love of her bright eyes. The perception he had of these could have been derived only from the touch, and this could hardly have been sufficient to inspire him with love.

Dr Wienholt then gives a detailed account of three other cases—one, that of a Swiss peasant who went through a number of minute mechanical processes; another, that of a lady who wrote, sewed, and corrected her own manuscript; and the third, the well known case of Metcalf, the celebrated blind surveyor of roads. To these he adds that of 'Mademoiselle Paradis, the great musician. This lady, when only in the second or third year of her life, was seized with amaurosis, which entirely deprived her of sight. She never recovered; and became so blind, that she could neither perceive the lightning in a stormy night, nor the light of the sun at noon. Mademoiselle Paradis sews well, and in her early years made lace. She plays all games of cards, and is very fond of the game of skittles. Dancing is one of her favourite amusements, and she takes a part in all German and foreign dances. She is passionately fond of the theatre. In her youth, she frequently performed important characters in private companies. She is also sensible of the approach of other bodies, and judges correctly of their distance and magnitude. She clearly perceives when any larger body stands in her way. She goes about the whole house like a person possessed of sight. When chairs or tables are displaced, and stand in her way, it sometimes happens that she comes against them; but this never occurs in the case of a person. When she enters a strange room, in which she had never previously been, she perceives whether it is large, moderate, or small. When near the centre of the room, she can determine whether it is long, broad, or round. When taken to the street, she easily perceives when she passes a cross street; and this even when the air is perfectly calm. When led past a house or garden in the open air, nothing escapes her attention: she inquires to whom this house or this garden belongs. The most remarkable thing is, that she can distinguish whether a garden is surrounded by boards, walls, or stakes. Of her perception of near objects, she convinced one of her sceptical friends in a remarkable manner. He led her along a narrow path through an alley of trees, and with a stick given her by this friend, she struck every tree in passing, drawing back her hand each time, and she did not miss a single tree out of twenty.

'Her ideas of beauty are derived from the perception of proportion in examining statues. She has much æsthetic pleasure in feeling them. This pleasure is in proportion to the beauty and correctness of the work. In the Müllerian cabinet and collection of antiques, therefore, she experiences great delight; and the observations she makes upon the objects are quite wonderful. Laughing, angry, weeping, calm and quiet countenances she recognises in a moment. She herself selects all the stuffs and colours for her clothes, and never could she be persuaded to choose a dress of green and yellow, black and green, or green and blue. Her head-dress, also, is of her own choosing; and she has her own little vanities in regard to her dress as well as any other lady. Her relations and friends, who are accustomed to her ways, often forget that they are conversing with a blind person, and it happens not unfrequently that they consult her upon objects of sight—for example, in purchasing cloth, ribbons, and

flowers. They show her everything, and are not satisfied if anything displeases her. Although her eye can give her no perception of the objects around her, yet she exhibits a preference for one situation over another. The Augarten pleases her more than the Prater. She prefers Dornbach to the Augarten. There she finds purer air, waterfalls, green fields, and hills. She likes those situations best where nature presents most variety of scenery, and where the activity of the senses and the imagination is equally excited.'

The explanation usually given of cases such as these, with which the world has been long familiar, is, that in blind persons there takes place a remarkable intensifying of the remaining senses, so that the co-operation of an intenser touch, an intenser hearing, an intenser taste, and an intenser smell, frequently compensates for the loss of the eyesight. Dr Wienholt admitting the fact of an increase of the sensibility of touch, &c. in blind persons, denies that this affords a sufficient explanation of the phenomena in question. Entering into a minute examination of the various operations attributed to the blind persons above mentioned, such as distinguishing a *cul-de-sac* from a thoroughfare, discovering an error in a manuscript, going through a series of intricate mechanical processes, he argues that the supposition of an intensification of the sense of touch, or of the other senses, is totally inadequate, according to every mode of reasoning, to account for the facts; and that impressions analogous to visual ones must in some way or other reach the minds of the individuals, to enable them to act in the manner related. 'Let us only dwell a little,' he says, 'on the operations of the blind surveyor of roads. When any one, like him, traverses pathless mountains, climbs steep hills, and proceeds through deep valleys, he must have before him the respective situations of the different objects, the way he proposes to go, and that which he has already passed, and continually compare them with those notions which exist in his imagination. And in all this his sense of touch, however constantly exercised, could not be of the slightest use to him. For here he requires, at every step, a consciousness of the particular spot upon which he happens to stand, and the direction of the way by which he is to proceed farther. Without eyes, or something that can supply their place in a more perfect manner than the other senses, he would be like a mariner on an extensive open sea without a compass. Give the latter all the other means for prosecuting his voyage—let him use his sounding-line as assiduously as possible—let him observe the distance he has traversed, the nature and depth of the bottom, &c. all this will not enable him to discover his latitude, or assist him in his farther progress. For this he requires the constant use of the compass, just as the blind man, in order to keep the right direction on such paths, would require the use of his eyes. Farther, this blind traveller, in order to proceed with safety, must possess a knowledge of all the obstacles which lie in his way, by which he may avoid or surmount them. These must be present to his mind, as well as to his body; the picture of the landscape, with all its minute parts, must be constantly before his soul, and always continue in harmony with that which lies before his imagination; both must change in the same way: and here, how could his touch or any other sense assist him? Consider also his business as a guide over the snow in a dark night, when the road becomes quite different from what it was, and therefore he could derive no assistance from his previous knowledge of the localities acquired through the touch; and when it is not easy to comprehend how he, without the use of his eyes, or something that might supply their place, could find his own way, far less act as a guide for others. For this last purpose, we should not be disposed to select a man who was himself obliged to grope in the dark, and has to seek his way by feeling. Lastly, throw a glance into the soul of this man who was about to construct a road through a wild pathless district, taking the best possible direction, avoiding everything that could make a road inconvenient, diffi-



cult, or expensive, and choosing the shortest and most suitable line. What a detailed plan of the country must he not have had in his contemplation! how correct and definite must it not have existed in his mind, in order to enable him, amidst such various difficulties, to effectuate his object!

After a great many ingenious remarks to the same purpose, Dr Wienholt concludes by saying, that 'he is entitled to hold it as demonstrated, that our soul, if it has once acquired perceptions through the medium of the eye, may afterwards, in an incomprehensible manner, and without the use of this organ, receive similar impressions, and continue to remain in the same connexion with the external world in which it had previously stood by means of light and natural vision.' And if so, he argues farther, he is entitled to suppose that 'man may also be deprived of other organs, and yet be capable of performing the same functions as he previously did only by their instrumentality.'

Now, Dr Wienholt holds that somnambulists are persons in this abnormal state, in which vision and other operations of the senses are performed in some other way than by the instrumentality of the usual organs. Natural somnambulists are those who fall naturally into this abnormal state; artificial somnambulists are those who are thrown into it by the passes, &c. of the animal magnetist.

Here the doctor leaves us; but Mr Colquhoun, in his appendix, carries us on to the consideration of the phenomena of clairvoyance, which he accounts the highest known degree of this abnormal state. The adoption of Wienholt's conclusion he regards as leading necessarily to a belief in the possibility of clairvoyance; and legitimately so; for if the somnambulist sees through his own closed eyelids, he may also see through the walls of the room he is in. The idea of opaqueness belongs only to our present arrangement for vision; and in the somnambulant arrangement for vision, in which the eyes perform no part, this idea may vanish. In the somnambulant state, also, many other of our dogmatic conceptions of nature may turn out to be mere illusions connected with our present state of being. Such is the drift of Mr Colquhoun's appendix to the lectures before us. We will not, however, attempt to follow him into this mysterious subject.

#### POOLE'S TALES, SKETCHES, AND CHARACTERS.

WE missed this volume at the time of its publication; but it is not now too late to do justice to one who is far less known than he deserves to be. John Poole is the author of the successful play of *Paul Pry*. He is also a magazine writer of high acceptability. The book now under our notice\* seems to have been designed as a combination of some of his most happy miscellaneous writings. It exhibits its author as a man of lively wit and playfulness, without any tincture of malice, and as a shrewd observer and clever describer of human character, with just that degree of exaggeration which is necessary for telling effect. Of all former English writers, Sterne is the one whom Mr Poole most resembles.

The first and longest paper in the volume describes a Christmas visit to Dribble Hall, the residence of a highly peculiar specimen of the English country gentleman. The author and his two friends arrive too late for dinner on Christmas eve, and the following is their reception:—

'With folded arms and outstretched legs, in a large, easy, red morocco chair, in the warm corner of the fire-

place, reclined the squire. He did not rise to receive us, but welcomed us with—"Well, how d'ye do? Come, sit down without ceremony. A miserable night, eh? Sitting here in my snug corner, I didn't envy you your ride, that I can tell you. Come, sit down. Just the party I told you you'd meet. Mrs Dribble, my dear, Mr Heartall and his friend; my cousin, Mr Ebenezer Dribble; and my wife's brother and sister, Mr John Flanks and Miss Susan Flanks. Worthington, I needn't introduce you: you know everybody, and everybody knows you. Well, I'm glad you're come at last, for it is more than half-past six, and I was beginning to want my tea."

"Tea!" exclaimed Heartall; "why, sir, we have not dined!"

"Whose fault is that, then?" said the squire; "I'm sure it is not mine. I told you most particularly in my letter that I should dine at four precisely—I'm certain I did. Here, Ebenezer, take this key and open the middle door of the under part of the little bookcase in my private room, and in the right-hand corner of the left-hand top drawer you'll find a book in a parchment cover, lettered on the outside 'Copy of Letter Book.' Bring it to me, and lock the door again. I'll show you copies of my letters to you all, and you'll see I'm right."

"My dear Dribble," said Worthington, "you may spare Mr Ebenezer that trouble. The fault is neither yours nor ours; but some impediments in the city, together with the fog——"

"Well," said Dribble, "all I desire is, that you should be satisfied it is no fault of mine that you have lost your dinner. But did you take nothing by the way?"

"Oh yes," said Worthington, "we took a sandwich."

"Well, then," rejoined the squire, "you won't starve." This he uttered with a chuckle of delight, as if at the consequent escape of his larder. "However," he continued, "we'll do the best for you, under the circumstances; instead of supping at ten, we'll order supper to be served at a quarter before."

"To speak the truth, Mr Dribble," said Heartall, "I am exceedingly hungry, and I believe so are my travelling companions: we have had a very uncomfortable ride, and——"

"Oh, in that case," replied Dribble, "perhaps you'd like something to eat. Well, I'll order tea, for I can't wait any longer for my tea; and Sam shall bring up a slice or two of something cold for you to take with your tea. Or, if you would prefer a glass of ale with it, say so. Here, Sam; here is the key of the ale barrel: draw about—let me see—one, two, three of them—ay, draw about two pints, and bring me the key of the barrel again."

"I never drink ale, sir," said Heartall.

"Nor do I, sir," said I.

"Oh, don't you?" said the squire. "Why, then, if you prefer wine you can have it; only I think you had better not spoil your supper. It is fair to tell you we have a hot roast turkey for supper. I'm very fond of a hot roast turkey for my supper—in fact I always have one for my supper on Christmas eve."

"Hadm't we better order tea in the drawing-room," said Mrs Dribble, "and leave the gentlemen to take their dinner quietly in this?"

"Nonsense, Mrs Dribble!" angrily exclaimed the squire: "it is no dinner, but a mere snack. Besides, where is the use of lighting a fire in the drawing-room at this time o' night? Pray, madam, don't interfere with my orders." Then, addressing himself to us, he continued—"Perhaps you would like a little hot water up stairs whilst they are putting your snack on a tray?"

'The "snack on the tray" was particularly emphasised: no doubt, with the humane intention of saving us from

\* Christmas Festivities: Tales, Sketches, and Characters. With Beauties of the Modern Drama, in Four Specimens. By John Poole, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1845.

the mortification of any disappointment which our own wild expectations of a more profuse collation might otherwise have occasioned.

"We readily accepted the offer of the hot water, and Sam was ordered to conduct us to our room."

"Stop!" cried our host, as Sam was preparing to marshal us the way; "stop—there is no fire in any of your rooms; but as I always like to have a fire in my own dressing-room in such horrid weather as this, perhaps you might find it more comfortable to go there."

"Admiring this delicate attention on the part of our 'considerate' host, we accepted the offer 'as amended.' As we were about to move forward, Sam nodded and winked at his master, at the same time twitching the sleeve of his fustian jacket. The squire put a key into his hand, accompanying it with an injunction that he would carefully lock the door, and bring him the key again. On entering the dressing-room, this mystery was explained by Sam's unlocking one of his master's wardrobes, and taking from it his own dress livery coat, which the former always kept under lock and key, and which, upon this occasion, he had forgotten to leave out."

"After as comfortable a toilet as the time would admit of, we re-descended to the dining-room—our expectations of a merry Christmas not much enlarged by the manner and circumstances of our reception."

"The family were taking their tea; and, on a table in a corner of the room, we found a very inefficient substitute for what ought to have been our dinner; for the squire's directions had been rigidly followed. The repast consisted of nothing more than a few slices of cold boiled veal served on a tray, and (as we had declined his ale) the remains—somewhat less than half—of a bottle of sherry. Worthington's 'I hope so,' which struck me at the time as being of a very suspicious character, was now shown to deserve the worst we might have thought of it. To despatch such a provision, where the duty of so doing was to be divided amongst three hungry travellers, did not require a very long time; and the moment Squire Dribble saw that the last drop was drained from the decanter, he did not ask whether it would be agreeable to us to take any more, but desired Sam to 'take all these things away, and bring a card-table.'"

Rigid regulations, all formed with a view to his own comfort, and from which no hospitable feeling will admit of the slightest departure, painfully remind the reader that Mr Dribble is not entirely a fancy sketch. It is, in fact, that pure selfishness, under the mask of regularity, which is often met with in unaccommodating persons. In the morning, after a sleepless night in a chilling bed-room, the author is roused by his host.

"Not stirring yet, sir?" cried the squire. "Why, sir, it is almost nine; I have been up this hour, and want my breakfast; I always breakfast at nine."

"Then pray, sir," said I, with an unaffected yawn, "pray get your breakfast, and don't wait for me. This is much earlier than my usual hour of rising. Besides, I have not slept well, and there is nothing peculiarly inviting in the weather. I will take some breakfast an hour or two hence."

"Pray get up, my dear sir, and come down stairs, or the rolls will be cold; and I can't bear cold rolls. Now do get up: I hate—that's to say, Mrs Dribble hates to see breakfast about all day long; and" (continued my kind-hearted, considerate host) "you would find it very uncomfortable to take breakfast in your own room 'without a fire'—for it is a bitter cold morning. I'll tell Sam to bring you some hot water."

"Away he went; and not long after came Sam with hot water—Sam informing me that his master (polite creature!) had instructed him to say that he could not be so rude as to sit down to breakfast till I came—nor could the ladies. This hint was of course decisive: so, greatly to my dissatisfaction, I arose; and (having dressed with as much speed as the discomforts of my

position would allow) with a blue nose, shrivelled cheek, and shivering from head to foot, I descended to the breakfast-parlour.

"Scarcely had I time to salute the assembled party, when I was thus addressed by the squire:—

"A late riser, eh, sir? We have nearly finished breakfast, but no fault of mine. You know I called you in time, and I told you I wanted my breakfast. You must be earlier to-morrow though, as you'll start at eleven. But come, my dear sir; what do you take? I'm afraid I can't recommend the tea, but I'll put a little fresh into the pot if you wish it? However, here is plenty of coffee, and" (putting his fingers to the coffee-biggin) "it's nice and warm still. The eggs are all gone, but you can have one boiled on purpose for you, if you like—or what say you to a slice of the cold veal? I believe you found it excellent yesterday? I should have made my breakfast of it, if I had not had my broiled leg of the turkey. I had just finished eating it as Mr Worthington and Mr Heartall came down: for they were rather late-ish like yourself."

"Freezing as I was, this was no time for the exercise of an overstrained delicacy, which would have inflicted upon me cold veal and cold coffee; so I requested to have some hot tea and an egg."

"Then bring me the tea-caddy again, Sam," said Squire Dribble somewhat peevishly; "and here, take the key and get an egg out of the cupboard—or two—and let them be boiled. Be sure you lock the cupboard again, and bring me the key. And, Sam—come back. Put a ticket into the basket for the two eggs you take out, or I may make a mistake in my egg account."

"The squire made some fresh tea, and in due time poured it out for me; for Squire Dribble gallantly relieved his lady from the performance of all the onerous and unfeminine duties of the breakfast table—such as making and pouring out the tea, serving the coffee and cream, distributing the eggs, and doling out the portions of whatever else there might happen to be—by taking them upon himself."

"When Sam returned with the eggs, he brought along with him the newspaper, which had just arrived."

"Give that to me," said Dribble, who had not quite finished his breakfast. So, taking it from the hands of the servant, he, without offering it to any one else, put it beneath him, and sat hatching it till he himself had leisure to read it.

"It is an odd fancy of mine," said the squire; "but I would not give a farthing for my newspaper unless I see the first of it." This was a reason sufficient to reconcile the most fastidious to the proceeding.

The entire two days at Dribble Hall form an inimitable unique picture, for which we would commend our readers to a perusal of the book, as sufficient in itself to remunerate them for their trouble. In the hope of their following our advice, we may point out Sir Hurry Skurry and Pomponius Ego as sketches particularly worthy of their attention; nor may they be the worse of knowing that the clap-trap nautical drama of Dibdin, the intense ruffian-labourer style of Morton, and other favourites of the playgoing public, are most successfully burlesqued in the concluding part of the volume. Perhaps, however, the most mirth-provoking part of the book is an anecdote which has a remarkably real appearance, under the title of *Secrets in all Trades*. The author, meeting a stranger in a country churchyard, recognises Burley, the late landlord of an inn he used to frequent near Cambridge, but now, it appears, retired to enjoy the fruits of his industry. Falling into a confidential discourse about the way in which this worthy conducted his business, the author receives from him a most luminous and satisfactory account of his wines.

"You can't deny it, Burley: your wines, of all kinds, were detestable—port, Madeira, claret, champagne—"

"There now, sir! to prove how much gentlemen may be mistaken, I assure you, sir, as I'm an honest man, I never had but two sorts of wine in my cellar—port and sherry."



"How! when I myself have tried your claret, your—"

"Yes, sir—my claret, sir. One is obliged to give gentlemen everything they ask for, sir: gentlemen who pay their money, sir, have a right to be served with whatever they may please to order, sir—especially the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir. I'll tell you how it was, sir. I never would have any wines in my house, sir, but port and sherry, because *I knew them* to be wholesome wines, sir; and this I will say, sir, my port and sherry were the—very—best I could procure in all England—"

"How! the best?"

"Yes, sir—at the price I paid for them. But to explain the thing at once, sir. You must know, sir, that I hadn't been long in business when I discovered that gentlemen know very little about wine; but that if they didn't find some fault or other, they would appear to know much less—always excepting the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir; and they are excellent judges!" [And here again Burley's little eyes twinkled a humorous commentary on the concluding words of his sentence.]

"Well, sir; with respect to my dinner wines I was always tolerably safe: gentlemen seldom find fault at dinner; so whether it might happen to be Madeira, or pale sherry, or brown, or—"

"Why, just now you told me you had but two sorts of wine in your cellar!"

"Very true, sir; port and sherry. But this was my plan, sir. If any one ordered Madeira:—From one bottle of sherry take two glasses of wine, which replace by two glasses of brandy, and add thereto a slight squeeze of lemon; and this I found to give general satisfaction—especially to the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir. But, upon the word of an honest man, I could scarcely get a living profit by my Madeira, sir, for I always used the best brandy. As to the pale and brown sherry, sir—a couple of glasses of nice pure water, in place of the same quantity of wine, made what I used to call *my delicate pale* (by the by, a squeeze of lemon added to that made a very fair *Bucellas*, sir—a wine not much called for now, sir); and for my old *brown sherry*, a *teetle* burnt sugar was the thing. It looked very much like sherry that had been twice to the East Indies, sir; and, indeed, to my customers who were very particular about their wines, I used to serve it as such."

"But, Mr Burley, wasn't such a proceeding of a character rather—?"

"I guess what you would say, sir; but I knew it to be a wholesome wine at bottom, sir. But my port was the wine which gave me the most trouble. Gentlemen seldom agree about port, sir. One gentleman would say, 'Burley, I don't like this wine—it is too heavy!' 'Is it, sir? I think I can find you a lighter.' Out went a glass of wine, and in went a glass of water. 'Well, sir, I'd say, 'how do you approve of that?' 'Why—um—no; I can't say—' 'I understand, sir, you like an older wine—softer; I think I can please you, sir.'—Pump again, sir.—Now, sir, says I (wiping the decanter with a napkin, and triumphantly holding it up to the light), 'try this, if you please.' That's it, Burley—that's the very wine; bring another bottle of the same.' But one can't please everybody the same way, sir. Some gentlemen would complain of my port as being poor—without body. 'In went one glass of brandy. If that didn't answer, 'Ay, gentlemen,' says I, 'I know what will please you—you like a fuller bodied, rougher wine. Out went two glasses of wine, and in went two or three glasses of brandy. This used to be a very favourite wine—but only with the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir.'"

"And your claret?"

"My good wholesome port again, sir. Three wines out, three waters in, one pinch of tartaric acid, two ditto orris-powder. For a fuller claret, a little brandy; for a lighter claret, more water."

"But how did you contrive about Burgundy?"

"That was my claret, sir, with from three to six drops

of bergamot, according as gentlemen liked a full flavour or a delicate flavour. As for champagne, sir, that of course I made myself."

"How do you mean 'of course,' Burley?"

"Oh, sir," said he, with an innocent yet waggish look; "surely everybody makes his own champagne—else what CAN become of all the gooseberries?"

## IMPROVEMENTS IN LONDON.

THERE is scarcely a city in Europe in which improvements are more required, or so reluctantly undertaken, as in London—a city to which history will point as the metropolis of the world, and marvel that she tolerated within herself so many evils, originating in selfishness and short-sightedness, and perpetuated by the operation of the same causes down to our own time. The evils here complained of are those of imperfect or insufficient channels of communication between one part of the great city and another; the existence of densely-crowded districts, untraversed by direct or available thoroughfares; and the pertinacity with which the 'rights of property' are allowed to militate against the 'rights of society.' While we cannot refuse to acquiesce in the statement of the Committee of Metropolitan Improvements, that 'the alteration of an ancient city, with a view to adapt all its streets and buildings to the increased wants and improved habits of modern times, is a work of much greater difficulty and expense than the construction of a new town,' we are at a loss to account for the improvements, in too many instances, being planned as the readiest means of overcoming a difficulty, rather than what they really ought to be, as the great commercial channels of a mighty city.

On reference to a map of London, it will be seen that the general direction of the principal thoroughfares has been influenced by the course of the river on which it is built, from the seat of government and fashion on the west, to the seat of commerce, the Royal Exchange, and Port, on the east. These thoroughfares are, however, not more numerous, and but little more convenient, than they were two hundred years ago, while the population has increased sevenfold, and the traffic augmented to a degree that almost defies calculation. The consequence is the continual obstruction of the streets, confounding the already existing confusion, and creating dangers where before there were only difficulties. Let any one walk from Temple-Bar to the Exchange, at any time of the day, but particularly between the hours of two and four, and he may verify the truth of these observations. On arriving at a crossing, the chances are ninety-nine to one against his finding the smallest opportunity of passing over under a delay of a quarter of an hour; while the noise, the jostling, cursing, and shouting around him, are absolutely deafening. Suppose him at length arrived in safety at the west end of Cheapside, he finds not only the traffic of the line along which he has come, but that also of the parallel or Holborn line, pouring into this one channel, while the resistless tide advancing from the opposite direction, here diverges to the two main lines in its progress westwards, creating a scene which, for confusion and effect, cannot be paralleled by any other city in Europe. He fights his way along Cheapside to its east end, the Poultry, contracted suddenly to some twenty-five feet in width, through which the four conflicting streams struggle in intense embarrassment; and having reached the open space fronting the Mansion-House, may rest for a few minutes to afford time for the evaporation of the surprise which he must inevitably feel on seeing that a narrow street of the Plantagenet era is expected to suffice for the rushing tide of life, pleasure, and commerce of the age of Victoria. It is possible

that the capacity of the Poultry Market may have been sufficient for the times when Edward III. rode through it with his court to the 'joustings in Chepe,' or led the procession from the Tower, with his fair Mistress Alice, the Lady of the Sun, to witness the 'passage of arms' in Smithfield. Wheel carriages were then not used, nor to any extent in immediately subsequent periods. We read, however, that in 1631 complaints were made that the streets were 'encumbered,' and yet the same thoroughfare remains, apparently for no other purpose than that of exasperating 'drivers,' endangering passengers, and perpetuating absurdity.

We must not, however, forget that something has been done towards diminishing or removing the evils we have attempted to describe; and we regard the recent opening of new streets as indicative of a movement which will not stop short of effectual amelioration. The line from Piccadilly through Coventry Street into Long Acre opens a new channel midway between the two great thoroughfares referred to above, which it will beneficially relieve of a portion of their traffic, and prove of the highest public utility, if farther extended to one of the leading lines, instead of terminating, where it does at present, in Drury Lane. But when we consider that the plans for this improvement were first submitted to the committee in 1837, we cannot help thinking that some very powerful antagonistic influence must have been at work to prevent its completion, or rather commencement, for a period of nearly ten years. It is, however, gratifying to observe that the new streets are not to be left to the convenience or the caprice of individual builders, for the display of architectural abominations or abortions, but are to be built on a regular plan, which will contribute materially to the effect of the new lines. Although the committee tell us that they regarded mere 'embellishment as a matter of subordinate importance,' we find that the houses already completed in New Coventry Street are in a light and pleasing style, with just enough of ornament to relieve what would otherwise be a dull mass of brick and mortar. The same observation will apply to the junction of the new portion of Oxford Street with Holborn, where the houses have red brick fronts with white stone 'dressings,' and form altogether an architectural improvement that will be a real 'embellishment' to that quarter of the metropolis. But we regret that the facts prevent our speaking favourably of the new opening from the Strand by Bow Street to Holborn, originally contemplated as an important thoroughfare in an almost direct line from Waterloo Bridge to the British Museum, which a culpable spirit of parsimony has diverted from the proposed direction. It is, however, possible that we are indebted for the break in the route to the evidence given before the committee in favour of diagonal crossings, which, it was asserted—with a blindness that could only be equalled by that of the old woman who put a big stone into the empty pannier on one side of her donkey, to make it balance the full one on the other—were preferable to direct crossings, especially when the convenience and safety of foot passengers were taken into the account. Will it be believed that a parliamentary committee, sitting in the nineteenth century, would listen to or tolerate such nonsense, or to that which denies the presence of an ungainly block of buildings, such as that standing in Holborn, near Gray's Inn, and by which a broad thoroughfare is suddenly contracted from a width of one hundred feet to that of forty feet, is any inconvenience? And yet it would appear that, by a blind fatality, it is precisely on such evidence as this that the plans for some improvements which would be real public benefits, whether as regards business, health, or convenience, are converted into lasting monuments of stinginess and error. There would be some excuse for all this, were it inevitable; but will any one believe for a moment that a saving of a few thousand pounds should be weighed against the improvement of a city like London, whose local revenue is £3,000,000 sterling? 'There are some

things which can only be well done when done on a large scale. They not only require large means, but unity of purpose.'

If we compare what has been done in London with what might have been done, or with what really has been done in other places, we shall find that the metropolis is the 'slowest,' as well as one of the most antiquated cities, and might learn a useful lesson from many comparatively humble examples. The writer of the present article, during a residence in New York, once had occasion to leave that city for the country, just at the time that an important improvement had been determined on; and on his return at the end of *six months*, found that an unsightly and loathsome mass of buildings had been cleared away, and replaced by a broad and handsome street half a mile in length, which opened a serviceable line of communication between the northern and southern portions of the city. In this case the money was raised by assessment on the wards most benefited by the improvement, and although complaints were made of the unequal pressure of the tax, yet the work was carried on with all the spirit of a people who know what utility means, and are wise enough to act upon that knowledge. Other instances might be brought forward, were further proof required, to show that, if so much can be done with restricted means, the inhabitants of London have not the shadow of an excuse for tolerating her monster evils.

Here, however, measures are dreamed over for many years before those who have the power wake to the necessity of action; and then how much delay must be incurred in the adjustment of conflicting claims, and the settlement of preliminaries. Sometimes the refractoriness of one individual is allowed to derange a well-arranged plan, or supersede it altogether. We willingly concede all that can be reasonably urged in favour of the rights of property; but common sense is sometimes to be preferred to prescription; and does the simple position of houses on certain portions of land constitute a sufficient reason for the eternal toleration of a nuisance or formidable inconvenience? It is matter of notoriety how summarily railway companies possess themselves of the property of belligerent country gentlemen, when it is necessary for their purposes. Could not some such process as this be applied to city improvements? Or is there a sacredness in outrageous evils, which inspires a dread of laying violent hands upon them?

In the report of the parliamentary committee on this subject, there are many other new streets contemplated, which, if completed, would make London architecturally what she is now commercially. Among these are a new line from the Bank to the Post-office, a little to the north of Cheapside; one from St Paul's to Blackfriars Bridge; from Southwark Bridge to the Mansion-House; from King William Street to the Tower and the Docks, which are now connected solely by narrow, crooked, and inconvenient thoroughfares; from Oxford Street, through Clerkenwell, to Shoreditch Church; and from Westminster Abbey to Belgrave Square. The line from the London Docks to Spitalfields Church, as well as the further extension of Farringdon Street northwards, are now in actual progress, and these, with the others, are not to be regarded solely with reference to the facilities of intercourse which they will afford; for they will intersect, in the words of the report, 'some districts in this vast city through which no great thoroughfares at present pass, and which, being wholly occupied by a dense population, composed of the lowest class of labourers, entirely secluded from the observation and influence of wealthier and better educated neighbours, exhibit a state of moral and physical degradation deeply to be deplored;' but, 'whenever the great streams of public intercourse can be made to pass through districts such as these, the cure of this lamentable evil will speedily be effected. The moral condition of these poorer occupants must necessarily be improved by immediate communication with a

more respectable inhabitancy; and the introduction, at the same time, of improved habits and a freer circulation of air, will tend materially to extirpate those prevalent diseases which are now not only so destructive among themselves, but so dangerous to the neighbourhood around them.

We have thus every variety of argument—moral, physical, and pecuniary—brought to bear upon the question; we trust that all will not be swamped in the purely selfish. We are pleased to see that the Victoria Park, in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, is approaching completion, as, from its extent—nearly 300 acres—it will afford scope for health, exercise, and recreation, to the inhabitants of a district notorious for its squalor, and remoteness from any similar strolling ground. On a board at one end of the enclosure is written the words Victoria Park; some wag has, however, erased the name of royalty, and substituted 'Weavers.' We hope this is an indication that those who toil at the loom through dreary days and weary nights, value the advantage offered to them, and will be prepared, with their wives and children, to do their best to enjoy it.

We have said nothing of the new Royal Exchange, of Trafalgar Square, or fountains and statues, as they do not properly belong to the object of the present paper; although we may look upon them as an earnest that more will be done some day, as their existence proves that the difficulties which lay in their way were not insurmountable. But we repeat, that what is to be done must be done on a great and comprehensive scale; a bit by bit reform by various unconnected and irresponsible bodies will not do: we want the resources and authority of legislative supervision. And here we may call attention to the improvement which has, within the last few years, taken place in Paris (where the evils arising from want of space are greater than in the most crowded parts of London), which is so striking, and the method pursued leads to so few complaints, as to hold out the promise of a rapid advance in the same direction. A comprehensive plan of the city, accessible to the public, and approved and sanctioned by the municipal authorities, indicates the improved and widened lines of streets, to which houses, when rebuilt, must conform; and in their tortuous and narrow thoroughfares are to be seen, from distance to distance, new houses built, or being built, from five to ten or fifteen feet back from the old frontage, and in such directions as (when all the old houses shall have been rebuilt) ultimately to present regular instead of the existing tortuous lines, which, by the irregular projection and retreating of the houses, interrupt the traffic, and impede the free sweep of the winds.

If some such far-seeing measure as this were adopted in London, we should not hear of the ruinous delays in the purchase of vacant lots along the contemplated lines. Notice has frequently been given to the commissioners that certain pieces of ground are for sale; but no attention was paid to the fact until the lot was let and a house built upon it, and then they bought it. A case of this kind occurred on the Coventry Street line, where a lot which, in the first instance, was offered for £1400, was afterwards purchased for £5000. It strikes us also that if the new lines were planned to cross instead of to follow existing streets, an economical advantage would be gained, as the expense of removing a few houses on each side to form the opening, would be much less than that of removing one whole side; while the general utility of the line would not be at all affected by this arrangement.

We are fully aware of the difficulty of moving an immense population like that of the metropolis, where two millions of human beings are shut up in a 'province' of 251,000 houses. But the prospective advantages are so great, that they may fairly be allowed to weigh against a present sacrifice. 'London, in its most fashionable localities west of Regent Street, gives but a faint indication of what the whole metropolis might become, and with it every town in England, if the duty

of promoting public health, and of checking all abuses of local administration, were made cabinet questions, in lieu of many others which absorb the time and energy of party leaders.\*

## THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL MEETING AT WINCHESTER.

[The following letter, from a lady in London to a friend in the country, giving an account of the late meeting of archæologists at Winchester, has been handed us for publication.]

\* \* \* I must tell you that of late there has been a revival in London of a taste for antiquities of all kinds—old furniture, old carvings, old coins, old houses, old castles, old churches; in short, every object of art which happens to be of a considerably past date. It is now a kind of fashion to show a love of antiquities, and as the taste is taking a practical turn, and introducing a finer order of architecture, with domestic furniture and ornaments to match, the reign of Victoria I. in England bids fair to rival that of the illustrious François Premier in France, and be remembered as the age of the *renaissance*. As it would never do for Uncle Philip and his family to be behind their neighbours in this universal rage, we have all become great antiquaries, and look with much interest on the proceedings of the two associations by which the taste is cultivated. Do not suppose from this that we leave evening parties to go to dull meetings, where long prosy papers are read; for nobody in their senses would think of doing anything half so absurd. The meetings we attend are very nice affairs. They take place annually at the dull time of the year, when not a soul is in London, and always at some delightful old-fashioned town, where there are plenty of ancient churches, old halls, and such curiosities to be overhauled. Last year we went to the meeting of the association at Canterbury, and had some very pleasant jaunting about its neighbourhood; this year we attended the meeting of the seceding association (now to be called the British Archæological Institute) at Winchester, where there were likewise some agreeable out-of-door proceedings, as well as in-door assemblies. I need hardly tell you that such meetings help greatly to rub up the gentry in these towns, and tend to establish acquaintances, of a lasting and pleasant kind, between strangers and natives.

Having thus opened the subject, I may try to entertain you with a short account of the meeting which took place at Winchester, from the 9th to the 14th of September last, to which we proceeded from the Isle of Wight, where we had been rusticated for a few weeks. On settling ourselves in lodgings, and making a few inquiries, we found the means of admittance to all the daily meetings, for every two persons, to be simply the purchase of a ticket, price one pound: so this was soon arranged. Early on the morning of Tuesday the 9th, the usually dull aspect of the streets and lanes of Winchester was considerably changed. On walking out, we observed numerous important-looking gentlemen bearing rolls of paper in their hands, and hurrying to the St John's Rooms in St John's House, where the meeting was appointed to be held. We soon followed, and on admission, found ourselves in a spacious apartment, now used as the assembly-room, which, however, in days of yore, had been the refectory of the hospital dedicated to St John the Baptist. The walls on the present occasion were hung with a fine collection of articles, collected from various old churches in the country. At twelve o'clock the Marquis of Northamp-



ton, president of the association, took the chair, in the midst of a goodly number of men eminent in church, state, and science.

The first thing done was the delivery of an address on the pleasures and advantages of cultivating a taste for antiquities, by Dr Willerforce, the dean of Westminster; and I need hardly say that he was throughout listened to with both attention and delight—the effect being heightened by a sweet deep-toned voice, which the dean inherits from his father. He concluded by observing that, while casting aside all fanatical love of what was absurd in past times, it was our duty to reverence what had in its day been great and noble. 'Let us,' said he, 'love to look into the old past; let us visit the scenes of its departed greatness, not to array ourselves in its worn-out customs, but that, having ears to gather up the whispers of their oracular advices, we may, by our own skill in art, fashion for ourselves the outward circumstances we need.' Dr Whewell, master of Trinity College, Cambridge, having seconded the vote of thanks to the eloquent dean, launched forth on the merits of the study of architecture, related how much he himself owed to the labours of Rickman, who, he said, had done for Gothic architecture what Linnaeus had done for plants. While still a schoolboy, 'Rickman's Gothic Architecture' had fallen into his hands—it became to him a grammar and dictionary of a new language, and this language he endeavoured to impart to his fellow-collegians. He looked back with extreme pleasure to this incident in his life, and its consequences; and he looked forward with delight, in the hope that this meeting might be attended with the same agreeable and valuable consequences; for the study of architecture was not a mere mental amusement, but a most profound and valuable mental culture—a branch of culture which would soon dissipate all prejudices respecting it, and clothe the dry bones with hue and colour.

Dr Williams (the warden of New College, Oxford) remarked, that as holding a high appointment in William of Wykeham's college, he might be allowed to express how much gratified he felt in seeing so brilliant a company assembled to aid the study of that science in which that great man excelled. He hoped that, instructed by the information which he might derive, he might hereafter look with more intelligent eyes on scenes so familiar to him, and with gratitude towards those who had aided him in better estimating the character of that great man. At three o'clock, parties were formed to visit the ruins of Wolvesey Castle, the museum in the deanery, and the church and hospital of St Cross. We first went to Wolvesey Castle, so called from King Edgar's obliging Ludwell, a refractory Welsh prince, to deposit here annually three hundred wolves' heads. It was built by Henry de Blois, bishop of Winchester, and brother to King Stephen, in 1138. The ruins now remaining are supposed to have belonged to the keep; they are built of large flints, faced with a thick coating of hard mortar, giving it the appearance of freestone. Until Oliver Cromwell's time, it continued to be the abode of the bishops of Winchester; it was then demolished, and, some years after, the present Episcopal palace was raised close to the former site. The museum of archaeological curiosities, arranged for the present occasion in the library at the deanery, was contributed by different members of the association, and included many rare antiquities: a series of enamels of exquisite workmanship, fine impressions of seals, also a variety of embroidered ecclesiastical vestments—one we particularly noticed, upon the hood and orfrails of which the twelve apostles were represented. The crowd here was so great, that we soon left it for St Cross, one mile distant from Winchester. We walked by the clear silvery stream of the river Itchen, and we all agreed that if the pilgrimages of ancient days were even one-half so delightful, those engaged in them were more to be envied than pitied. The day was superb; and on our entering the quadrangle, one side of which is formed by the church, quite a gay scene greeted our eyes—knots of ladies and gentlemen

standing upon the very green grass, and small groups of the quiet happy-looking old men, the brethren of the hospital, dressed in their Sunday gear. This hospital was built in 1136 by Henry de Blois for thirteen resident brethren, a master and steward; and 100 poor honest men were to have a plentiful dinner every day. Owing to the rapacity of the master, the original intention of the founder became perverted in process of time, until William of Wykeham restored the charity, and repaired the buildings. A certain portion of good wheaten bread and beer (rather small) is given every morning to the porter, for the refreshment of such poor travellers as may apply at the gate. Most of the archaeologists claimed it, but for myself, not being curious in that respect, I was content to take the testimony of others regarding the quality of the *dole*. The church was erected at the time when Gothic architecture was beginning to be ingrafted on the Romanesque; therefore it gives a valuable lesson in the transition of style from Roman to Gothic. It is a cruciform building, and, although small, possesses all the features of a collegiate or conventual establishment. The intersecting arches in the triforium are very curious. The refectory is entered by a flight of steps from the large quadrangle: it has a tower on one side, and the master's residence on the other. It is adorned with rich Gothic windows, and at the east end a raised floor for the table of the officers, the brethren being placed at the side. There is also a raised hearth in the middle of the floor, and a gallery at the west end, from whence the chaplain pronounced the benediction at dinner time. After a full inspection of this curious establishment, we returned to Winchester.

At the eight o'clock general meeting, the Rev. John Bathurst Deane read a most interesting paper on Avebury, Carnae, Stonehenge, and other primeval temples. He entered at length into the spirit, rites, and ceremonies of Druidical worship: he thinks the circle and semicircle indicate the joint dedication to the sun and moon, and showed good reason why the large artificial hill at Avebury, known as Silbury Hill, should not be regarded as having been a barrow, but as a place for burning the sacred fire during the performance of the service within the sacred circles of stones. The architecture of the hospital of St Cross and Romsey Abbey church formed the subjects of two other papers. Wednesday morning, long before the appointed hour (half-past eleven), St John's large room was crowded; every one being anxious to get a good place, in order to hear the very popular and pleasing lecturer, Professor Willis, descant upon the architectural history of the cathedral. He repudiated the idea of any of the Saxon foundation of Ethelwold remaining, and attributes the earliest portion to the time of Walkelyn, the Norman bishop appointed by William the Conqueror. Now, continued he, we know for certain that the centre tower of the building fell not long after the interment of William Rufus in the choir of the cathedral, in consequence, as it was then believed, of this king's wickedness, and his having died without receiving the last rites of the church. Walkelyn died before William, so he could not have rebuilt the tower; but as he left money for repairing the church, it was most likely done out of his funds. The tower-piers of the present edifice are the largest in England—a great deal too much so for architectural elegance, and for the weight they were required to carry; therefore I think they were erected by a people labouring under a panic: a people determined to erect an edifice not likely to fall for a long time. These piers are as much too large as the others had been too small; and it was from the faults thus committed on both sides that the mediæval architects learned those true and beautiful proportions which were now so admired by all who viewed them with any interest. The plan of the crypt showed that Walkelyn's choir was the same size as the present. From examinations that had been made under the auspices of members of the association, a bed of concrete had been found, which proved that it had been originally

intended to have towers at the west front, making the nave fifty feet longer than at present. In 1302, according to a manuscript in Queen's College, Oxford, Bishop Luez built the aisles and vaulting outside the Lady Chapel. In 1370, Bishop Edington left a sum of money for the completion of the nave. In 1357, William of Wykeham was appointed architect by that bishop. The professor then read a long extract from William of Wykeham's will, showing what he had done, and what he wished to be done with the money he left for beautifying the church. When this admirable lecture was concluded, the professor said he would be happy to explain, to as many as would honour him with their company in the cathedral at four o'clock, the various peculiarities and parts of that splendid building. Mr C. R. Cockerell read an elaborate paper on St Mary's College, Winchester, and New College, Oxford, wherein he highly eulogised the great talent displayed by William of Wykeham in the architectural beauty of these two colleges, of which he was at once the founder and architect. Early in the afternoon, almost all the members (and our party amongst the number) visited St Mary's College. This was very appropriate, as all its beauties had just been pointed out by the able lecturer, who accompanied us here also. It is a noble pile, and the chapel a perfect bijou in architecture: its groined ceiling in wood is considered the most elegant specimen of its day. The east window is very curious; in its gorgeous stained glass is portrayed the genealogy of our Saviour. Jesse is laid across the very centre of the bottom, 'the root;' three small kneeling figures near his head are known to be the likenesses of the surveyor, carpenter, and glazier of this noble edifice. The library of the college is situated in the area of the cloister; until 1629, it was a chantry or chapel for the dead. It now contains some very curious books. One I was much entertained with, entitled, 'A Briefe and True Report of the New-Found Land of Virginia; of the Commodities, and of the Nature and Manners of the Natural Inhabitants, discovered by the English Colony there seated by Sir Richard Greinville, Knight, in the year 1583.' The engravings are very strange. This book was printed at poor Sir Walter Raleigh's expense. On the principal desk lay a large book, wherein were inscribed the names of all the benefactors of the college, and a list of their gifts: some were not very costly. The school-room is modern in comparison with the rest of the college, only dating from 1687. It is a noble apartment: at the east end the laws to be observed by the students are inscribed in Latin on a tablet, and upon a corresponding one at the west end are the following devices and inscriptions:—

|                          |  |  |
|--------------------------|--|--|
| Aut Disce.               | A mitre and crozier.   | { The expected reward of learning.                                     |
| Aut Discede.             | { An inkhorn, a case of mathematical instruments, and a sword. | { The emblems of those who depart and choose a civil or military life. |
| Manet sors Tertii, cædi. | { A scourge.   | { The lot of those who will qualify themselves for neither.            |

The Latin implies, 'Either learn or depart; a third chance remains, to be beaten.' The moveable desks, which shut up, called *scobs*, form, when raised, a sort of screen from the noise of the adjoining student. William of Wykeham endowed this college for a warden, ten fellows, three chaplains, three clerks, a master, an usher, seventy poor scholars, and sixteen choristers. After more than four centuries, it still flourishes in all its original importance. I must not forget the refectory and buttery hatch: in the centre of the former is a large hearth, the roof immediately over it being higher than the rest: the sides are perforated, to discharge the smoke. A large mahogany box with a ponderous padlock daily receives the fragments of the dinner, which are immediately doled out to a certain number of poor women, with the addition of some good beer. This beverage, the bread, butter, and cheese, are dis-

pensed from the buttery hatch, which is separated by a screen from the dining-room: the allowance is most liberal.

At the time of our visit, the boys happened to be cricketing in their playground, from which the spot on a neighbouring hill was pointed out to us where the celebrated song of *Dulce Domum* was composed. The boy author who thus tried to solace his grief at being refused permission to go home at Christmas, died of the disappointment. At the commencement of every vacation, his song still reverberates through the school-room, as all the boys sing it, accompanied by a full band. From William of Wykeham's college we adjourned to the cathedral to hear Professor Willis's peripatetic lecture. He moved from the lady chapel to the transept, and from thence to the choir, aisle, and nave, explaining as he went the different alterations. In the evening we attended a brilliant soirée, kindly given by the dean to all the members of the association, as well as to the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. The noble apartments of the deanery were well lighted, and the refreshments most *recherché*. Amongst the company, which amounted to four hundred, were such a host of distinguished men as could rarely be seen collected together. The drawing-rooms were once the great hall of the priory which was attached to the cathedral. There is a floor now placed between them and the roof, which forms a commodious suite of bedrooms. We went up stairs to see the fine arches, which doubtless were originally filled with stained glass. Thursday morning, at ten o'clock, owing to the accumulation of papers, two supplementary meetings were held in the county courts, formerly the hall of the castle of Winchester. The historical and mediæval section took place under the presidency of Mr Hallam, who, in his brief opening address, remarked, that although there are some defects belonging to the English historical school, yet its distinctive character is remarkable accuracy, arising from the patient and business habits of the people, which produce a more just appreciation of evidence than is usual among our continental neighbours. Mr Smirke read a most interesting paper on the building in which the meetings were then convened, and upon its noble ornament, King Arthur's Round Table, which is placed on the wall of the Nisi Prius Court, just over the judge's seat.

Mr Kemble read a paper on Saxon sunames, and showed, from an extensive and interesting series of examples, how the names of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were derived from their rank, pursuits, and occupations, and their qualities of mind or body. Next, Mr Hudson Turner read a paper on the ancient customs and usages of St Giles Fair, near Winchester, and then the meeting dispersed, in order to visit the abbey church of Romsey. The section of Early and Mediæval Antiquities, held at the same time as the preceding, was presided over by the well-known Egyptian traveller, Mr Hamilton. The dean of Hereford gave a detailed account of researches made under his superintendence at the ancient Roman station at Kenchester, near Hereford. He described the numerous traces of buildings, mosaic and other pavements, of which he exhibited drawings. He connected the introduction of Christianity into this kingdom with Carnatus, who, he said, was a prisoner in Rome at the same time with St Paul, and whose daughter Claudia is mentioned by that apostle in his second epistle to Timothy, chap. iv. 21. She was the wife of Pudens, also spoken of there. Short papers were then read by Mr Blossam on Roman burial-places, and by Lord Alwyn Compton (son to the noble president) on encaustic tiles. Mr W. H. Thoms read a most curious essay on coronals of roses as badges of honour, and on the golden rose annually blessed by the pope. Mr Thoms thought that kings bestowing coronals of roses on those whom they delighted to honour, was only a regal copy of the custom which prevailed at Rome. He gave a long list of those upon whom the pope was pleased to bestow this mark of consideration; amongst

the number, Henry VIII. received it from Julius II. in 1510; Philip and Mary from Pope Julius III.; and the king of the Belgians this year from the present pope. As soon as the sections were over, we drove to Romsey abbey church, eleven miles from Winchester. *En route* we passed through several pretty villages, the cottages of the labourers being everywhere decked in flowers.

Of the abbey founded at Romsey in the reign of Edward the elder, not a trace remains. The church is of the same class as that at St Cross, and displays an instructive mixture of the peculiarities and style of various successive periods. The Rev. J. L. Petit and Mr Cockerell explained the plan of the edifice. In all the excursions two or three gentlemen, learned in architectural lore, invariably acted as cicerones to as many different parties. In the external wall of the south transept is a curious sculptured figure of Christ on the cross, about five and a half feet high, with a hand from the clouds above pointing to it; and near it is evidence, that to one of the masons who repaired the wall, 'reading and writing did not come by nature,' the word who being built into it, turned upside down, evidently part of a tombstone. I felt a peculiar interest in this church, as our Princess Matilda, daughter to Malcolm III., was educated here by the Benedictine nuns, who were then in possession of the abbey. The Hon. Gerard Noel, the vicar, is now restoring it to its ancient splendour, and has contributed himself nearly two thousand pounds. Mr Albert Way collected seventy pounds by begging from every one on this occasion for the same purpose. Lord Northampton took drawings of the most curious arches, and asked questions which elicited much information: his lordship always looked as if he were engaged just upon a matter or subject chosen by himself. This evening a public dinner took place at the St John's Rooms, which was attended by 170 members of the association.

Friday morning, at half-past nine, we all left Winchester by railway, some for Porchester Castle, others for Southampton, Netley Abbey, or Beaulieu Abbey. Our party went to Southampton, and from thence crossed over the river to Netley Abbey. Little now remains but the east window and southern transept to tell of the glories of its once magnificent church. The kitchen, chapter, and refectory, may still be distinctly traced, but in complete ruin. It was once beautifully mantled o'er with ivy; but although the removal of this covering has detracted from the beauty of the ruin, yet one must rejoice, as it induces decay. Several trees have sprung up amongst these mouldering walls, adding much to the beauty of the place. After satisfying our curiosity, we set off for Porchester Castle, distant about thirteen miles. On the way, we passed some fine old seats and pretty village churches. Porchester Castle is one of the most interesting ruins in England; it was the *Portus Magnus* of the Romans, under whose walls their galleys lay for 400 years. It was also the chief fort of Britain, and the origin of the dockyard at Portsmouth. The walls of the *enceinte* are perfect, and built on Roman foundations; the Norman keep is likewise nearly so; and there are considerable remains of buildings of the fifteenth century. French prisoners, to the number of about 8000, were confined here during the revolutionary war. After the fall of the French West India possessions, the garrisons of St Vincent and other islands, chiefly emancipated negroes, were imprisoned here, and, sorrowful to relate, many hundreds died from cold during the ensuing severe winter. The floors which were temporarily laid for the prisoners are now pulled up; but the large holes into which they were fastened remain open, and the spots are well marked where the chimneys once smoked. Awful scenes took place here during the residence of the French, as they took advantage of the slightest remissness to attack the sentinels, in the hope of escaping. The church in the quadrangle is a fine Norman structure, originally cruciform, but the south transept is destroyed. The west front is very rich,

and has undergone less alteration than any similar structure in England of the same date. It was the church of the priory founded by King Henry I. within the walls of the castle, and removed twenty years after to Southwick, distant three miles. We all enjoyed our trip very much, and returned by railway from Foreham to Winchester, where it was necessary to despatch dinner quickly, in order to get to the St John's Rooms in time to hear the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne's paper 'On the Architecture and Peculiarities of the Fortress and Church at Porchester,' which he illustrated by elaborate drawings of all the Roman stations round the coast. John Gough Nichols, editor and proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, read a curious paper, developing the secret history of a passage in the lives of Margaret, Duchess-dowager of Savoy, regent of the Netherlands, daughter to the Emperor Maximilian, and Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Two of the lady's letters proved they had been contracted whilst he was under promise to marry another: and the sequel of the story is still more extraordinary; for notwithstanding this double nuptial engagement, the duke actually married a third lady, Mary, sister to Henry VIII., and dowager-queen of France.

Saturday morning, again at the County Courts. Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart. read a manuscript account of the magnificence and various pageants which took place at the marriage of the Duke of Burgundy with the Princess Margaret, sister to Edward IV., king of England. Mr Hawkins (British Museum) delivered an instructive address upon the 'Ancient Mint and Exchange of Winchester.' All our mints are taken from the Greek, particularly from Macedon; during the sway of the Romans in Britain, their money circulated here; after their departure, it became very spurious. King Athelstan was the first sovereign who cared to have a pure or good coinage. The Saxons had the name of their king on one side of their money, and that of the moneyer on the other. Winchester was of so much importance formerly, that, whilst there were eight moneyers appointed for London, there were six for that city. The coinage became so much adulterated in Henry II.'s time, that he issued a command that all the moneyers should assemble in Winchester, and be there tried for their evil-doings; three men alone were found to have acted honestly, and, to the honour of Winchester, they were her sons. They attained great esteem, whilst all the rest were condemned either to lose an eye or an ear as a punishment for their malpractices: 1248 appears to be the latest date of the money coined at Winchester. After leaving the court-house, we visited the subterranean passage which has been recently opened: it appears to have commenced near the north-west end of the County Hall; and, descending into the earth in an eastern direction, branches off into two distinct passages, one running into the town, the other most probably terminating without the outer wall. It was the private entrance into the castle either from the town or country, when siege or other circumstances rendered necessary a secure and secret admission into this stronghold of arbitrary power. It is a lofty and ample passage, built solidly of stone, with the remains of flights of stone steps, affording easy egress and ingress. The gentleman to whom it belongs kindly had it illuminated.

At two o'clock we again assembled, having had only one hour's respite, when several papers on churches were read, one particularly good, by A. J. Beresford Hope, Esq. M.P., on the priory church at Christchurch, Hants. The last paper I shall notice at this sitting was one which brought out a great number of curious customs which obtained formerly in England. It was entitled 'The Ancient Parliament at Acton Burnell,' in Shropshire, and was by Mr Hartshorne. 'This little village, picturesquely placed near the Stratton Hills in Shropshire, and contiguous to a Roman road, is remarkable in its history, as possessing buildings that illustrate the ecclesiastical and domestic architec-



ture of the time of Edward I. and for having been the spot where a parliament had been assembled in the thirteenth year of his reign, that has given rise to a discussion on the constitutional formation of our early national conventions that still admits of consideration." Henry III. gave it to Robert Burnell, the clerk of Edward, his eldest son, in 1265. Nicholas Burnell, the descendant of this Robert, was the cause of a very curious heraldic dispute in the Court of Chivalry with Robert de Morley, on account of the arms that Nicholas bore in right of certain lands of the barony of Burnell, bestowed on him by his mother. De Morley and Burnell being both arrayed in the same arms at the siege of Calais in 1346, the latter challenged the arms as belonging to the Burnells only, having at the time under his command a hundred men, on whose banners they were displayed. The dispute was referred to the Court of Chivalry, held on the sands before Bohun, Earl of Northampton, high constable of England. It lasted several days, finally terminating by the king himself requesting Lord Burnell to permit Robert de Morley to bear the arms in dispute for his life only, which Nicholas assented to. The judgment on this question was given in the church, and immediately proclaimed by a herald throughout the whole army.

The dean gave us all much pleasure this evening, by permitting the cathedral to be opened for one hour, from eight until nine o'clock, and a few lights to be placed in it. The effect was truly beautiful; the lofty arches, with the 'long drawn aisles' dimly seen through the obscure light, with the pealing tones of the organ, reminded me so strongly of the great days of the Roman church, that I almost fancied I heard the deep voices of the monks chanting their midnight mass. From the cathedral we adjourned to St John's Rooms, and were much edified by Dr Whewell's paper on the distinction of styles in architecture in general, and their names. It was read by Mr Petit, as the writer had taken his departure. Several other interesting matters were brought before the meeting; and at nearly twelve o'clock, we all separated rather tired.

Sunday morning, at ten o'clock, the gorgeous cathedral was filled to overflowing, and the service was, as is usual here, admirably performed. The voices of the choristers in chanting were very fine, and, with the reading of the dean, the whole was a treat which I shall not soon forget.

Monday, at noon, the indefatigable marquis again took the chair. The room was crowded; the chief business being to pass votes of thanks to different societies and individuals who had aided the association, and to fix the next place of meeting. The number of subscribing members was mentioned by Mr Albert Way as amounting to 700. Lord Northampton then drew attention to the causes of the division in the association, read part of his correspondence with Lord Albert Conyngham, and descanted on the terms proposed to the other party. Then came a discussion on the next place of assemblage; when York was finally fixed on; after which, various complimentings took place. The dean of Winchester was most happy, both in his address to the president and members of the body. The Marquis of Northampton, having agreed to take the chair for the ensuing year until the general meeting, when he hoped they would have some person connected with the locality to take the office, and under whom he should be proud to act as vice-president, dissolved the meeting amidst general cheers.

Thus ended this pleasant meeting, and with it the most delightful week I have passed for a long time; and although, my dear \* \* \*, I must have sorely tried your patience, yet, as it has afforded me so much pleasure, I could not refrain from imparting a share of it to you. By four o'clock, Winchester was again left to its former dulness, and we set off for Salisbury, the cathedral of which town has been frequently paired with that of Winchester. The former being airy, light, and graceful, has been compared to the lady; while the

latter, ponderous, majestic, and massive, has been called the gentleman. I must now bid you farewell, hoping that, although you may not be entertained by this long epistle, yet that you may have learned something by it. And remain yours, &c.

### PHYSIOLOGY OF GENIUS.

It is noticed by a writer who was present at a meeting of the British Association, that one feature was nearly universal among the philosophers there assembled; namely, a certain expansion of the head, which habit teaches us to connect on all occasions with superior intellect. This is an observation which we have often made at the meetings of learned societies; and we have further remarked, that the fact is more frequently to be noticed among men of science—as naturalists, experimental chemists, &c.—than among purely literary men. Whatever may be said of the internal capacity, thickness of skull is, we apprehend, no mark of mind either way. That of Buchanan is said to have been as thin as paper. On the other hand, the brain-case of Porson, the first Greek scholar of modern times, was discovered to be exceedingly thick. Gall, on being required to reconcile Porson's tenacious memory with so thick a receptacle for it, is said to have replied—"I have nothing to do with how the ideas got into such a skull; but once in, I will defy them ever to get out again."

If there be any feature in which genius always shows itself, it is the eye, which has been aptly called the index of the soul. 'We have seen,' says Mr Jerdan, 'every other part of the human face divine without indications of the spirit within—the mouth which spoke not of the talent possessed, and the brow that indicated no powers of the capacious mind—but we never knew a superior nature which the eye did not proclaim.' The Greeks and all the Oriental nations regarded the brightness of the eye as a supernatural sign. The emerald eyes of their gods shone with mysterious splendour through the gloom of the Adytum. Availing themselves of this prevalent belief, impostors have sought to deceive men by an assumed lustre of countenance. Dr Leyden tells us that Ibn Makna, the founder of the Maknayah sect, hid himself from the public gaze, and covered his features with a veil; asserting that no eye could endure the glory of his countenance. To support this deception, he prepared some burning mirrors, placing them in such a situation that the rays fell upon the faces of those who approached him. Having taken these precautions, he uncovered his face, and directing his votaries to draw nigh, the foremost were struck by the burning rays, and retired exclaiming, 'We cannot look upon him, but he gazes upon us.' Many tender and beautiful things have been said of eyes; yet how inferior to the sweet things uttered by themselves! A full eye seems to have been esteemed the most expressive. Such was the eye that enchained the soul of Pericles. The American writer Haliburton declares he would not give a piece of tobacco for the nose, except to tell when a dinner is good; nor a farthing for the month, except as a kennel for the tongue; but the eye—'study that,' says he, 'and you will read any man's heart as plain as a book.'

Galileo's eyes were remarkably penetrating; so were those of Linnaeus, which were hazel, and possessed that exquisite power of vision which naturalists are generally noted for. Alexander Wilson's eyes were quick, sharp, and intelligent, especially when he was engaged in conversation. This ornithologist visited, when in New York, the celebrated Thomas Paine, author of the 'Rights of Man,' and describes him as possessing a Bardolph kind of face; 'but the penetration and intelligence of his eye bespoke the man of genius and of the world.' Shelley's eyes were noted for their beauty. Otway had a thoughtful, speaking eye. Sir Humphrey Davy had 'a glowing eye, the finest and brightest,' says Lockhart, 'that ever I saw.' Colley Cibber's eyes were small, but all vivacity and sparkle. When reciting any great deed, Sir Walter Scott's eye, and his whole countenance, would kindle with a congenial expression. A native of Weimar, describing Goethe, says, 'his eyes were like two lights.' Hazlitt had an expressive eye. Coleridge's greenish-gray eyes were very quick, yet steady and penetrating. Audubon, speaking of Bewick, says he had 'a large head, with fine sparkling eyes, placed farther apart than those of any other man that I have ever seen.' To draw a phrenological inference from this observation, it may be concluded that Bewick possessed, in a

most wonderful degree, the organ of form, which is indicated by the breadth between the eyes, or, which is the same thing, by the breadth of the bridge of the nose. The same peculiarity is observable in a celebrated living author. Mr Thomas Carlyle, whose eyes are placed at an unusual distance apart, and their spiritual intensity of expression is extraordinary, being only equalled in this respect by those of Leigh Hunt, which are singularly fine and expressive, tinged with a watchfulness and melancholy which persecution has put into them, but without dimming the cheerfulness with which the heart and mind ever light them up.

Many authors have been remarkable for excessive mildness of countenance. This was the case with Milton. In some very touching and affectionate verses, Spenser has recorded the gentle benignity of Sir Philip Sidney's countenance, which formed the correct index of his temper. His voice was so sweet and agreeable, that by one of his contemporaries he is styled nectar-tongued Sidney. The countenance of Kirke White was rendered particularly interesting by an air of great humility and patience.

Byron says nothing is so characteristic of good birth as the smallness of the hands. We believe, however, that small hands are not nearly so common among noblemen, especially those who are addicted to active field-sports, as among authors, whose fists are rarely employed in any other work but holding the pen, and therefore do not attain to a large and muscular development. Miss Costello, describing Jaemin, the poetical barber, not only notices his 'black sparkling eyes, of intense expression,' but 'his handsome hands.' Mozart, though not vain of having written the 'Requiem,' was rather conceited about the proportion of his hands and feet.

Ugo Foscolo has left us a circumstantial and rather flattering description of himself, written in Italian, from which the following is translated:—

A furrowed brow, intent and deep sunk eyes,  
Fair hair, lean cheeks, are mine, and aspect bold;  
The proud quick lip, where seldom smiles arise;  
Bent head and fine-formed neck; breast rough and cold,  
Limbs well composed; simple in dress, yet choice:  
Swift or to move, act, think, or thoughts unfold;  
Temperate, firm, kind, unused to flattering lies;  
Adverse to the world, adverse to me of old.  
Ofttimes alone and mournful. Evermore  
Most pensive—all unmoved by hope or fear:  
By shame made timid, and by anger brave—  
My subtle reason speaks; but ah! I rave;  
'Twixt vice and virtue, hardly know to steer;  
Death may for me have fame and rest in store.

#### RETENTIVE MEMORIES.

Magliabecchi, the founder of the great library at Florence (himself no author, but the collector of many), had so wonderful a memory, that Gibbon styled him 'la memoire personnalisee'—memory personified. At one period of his life, Seneca could repeat two thousand words precisely as they had been pronounced. Gassendi had acquired by heart six thousand Latin verses, and the whole of Lucretius's poem, *De Rerum Natura*. In order to give his memory sufficient exercise, he was in the habit of daily reciting six hundred verses from different languages. Saunderson, another mathematician, was able to repeat all Horace's odes, and a great part of other Latin authors. La Croze, after listening to twelve verses in as many languages, could not only repeat them in the order in which he had heard them, but could also transpose them. Pope had an excellent memory, and many persons have amused themselves by looking through his writings, and pointing out how often he had brought it into play. He was able to turn with great readiness to the precise place in a book where he had seen any passage that had struck him. John Leyden had a very peculiar faculty for getting things by rote, and he could repeat correctly any long dry document, such as a deed or act of parliament, after having heard it read; but if he wanted any single paragraph, he was obliged to begin at the commencement, and proceed with his recital until he came to what he required. There was a French novelist who, being, like our Richardson, a printer, composed a volume in types, and thus the book was printed without having been written. Bishop Warburton had a prodigious memory, which he taxed to an extraordinary degree. His 'Divine Legation' would lead one to suppose that he had indefatigably collected and noted down the innumerable facts and quota-

tions there introduced; but the fact is, that his only notebook was an old almanac, in which he occasionally jotted down a thought. Scaliger obtained so perfect an acquaintance with one Latin book, that he offered to repeat any passage with a dagger at his breast, to be used against him in case of a failure of memory.

#### THE ADVENT OF TRUTH.

A TIME there is, though far its dawn may be,  
And shadows thick are brooding on the main,  
When, like the sun upspringing from the sea,  
Truth shall arise, with Freedom in its train;

And Light upon its forehead, as a star  
Upon the brow of heaven, to shed its rays  
Among all people, wheresoe'er they are,  
And shower upon them calm and happy days.

As sunshine comes with healing on its wing,  
After long nights of sorrow and unrest,  
Solace and peace, and sympathy to bring  
To the grieved spirit and unquiet breast.

No more shall then be heard the slave's deep groan,  
Nor man man's inhumanity deplore;  
All strife shall cease, and war shall be unknown,  
And the world's golden age return once more.

And nations now that, with Oppression's hand,  
Are to the dust of earth with sorrow bowed,  
Shall then erect, in fearless vigour, stand,  
And with recovered freedom shout aloud.

Along with Truth, Wisdom, her sister-twin,  
Shall come—they two are never far apart—  
At their approach, to some lone cavern Sin  
Shall cowering flee, as stricken to the heart.  
Right shall then temper Justice, as 'tis meet  
It should, and Justice give to Right its own;  
Might shall its sword throw underneath its feet,  
And Tyranny, unkinged, fall off its throne.

Then let us live in hope, and still prepare  
Us and our children for the end, that they  
Instruct may those who after them shall heir,  
To watch and wait the coming of that day.

—Poems by William Anderson. 1845.

#### THE SOUTH AMERICAN BAMBOO.

The *guadua*, or South American bamboo, abounds in many of the tropical parts of that continent, forming rather large groves along the banks of the rivers. This is a gigantic species of cane, growing to the height of ninety feet, and frequently even more, with a beautiful feathery appearance. The upper part bends gracefully downward, and is covered with long slender branches, which spring from the joints, and bear very small light leaves. This cane is extremely useful for the purpose of building houses and bridges, as well as for fencing plantations, and surrounding the corrals or cattle pens, as it resists the weather for many years. The thickest parts serve for beams, posts, and rafters. They are also formed into broad planks, by being split open longitudinally with an axe, and spread out, by cutting through the alternate joints at sufficient distances to allow of their hanging together. In this state they answer very well for roofing and for flooring the upper storey, which is that which is generally inhabited in the marshy districts. The *guadua* also serves for making bedsteads, tables, and benches, which are both light and neat. The walls of the houses are made of the small branches, tied closely together, fastened with thin thongs of raw hide, and plastered over with clay. The thickest canes, being frequently eight or nine inches in diameter, are made into buckets, by cutting off joints for that purpose. Small barrels are also made in the same way. The *guadua* is also in great demand for building bridges across the narrow rivers in the plains.—*W. Wittich.*

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